

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

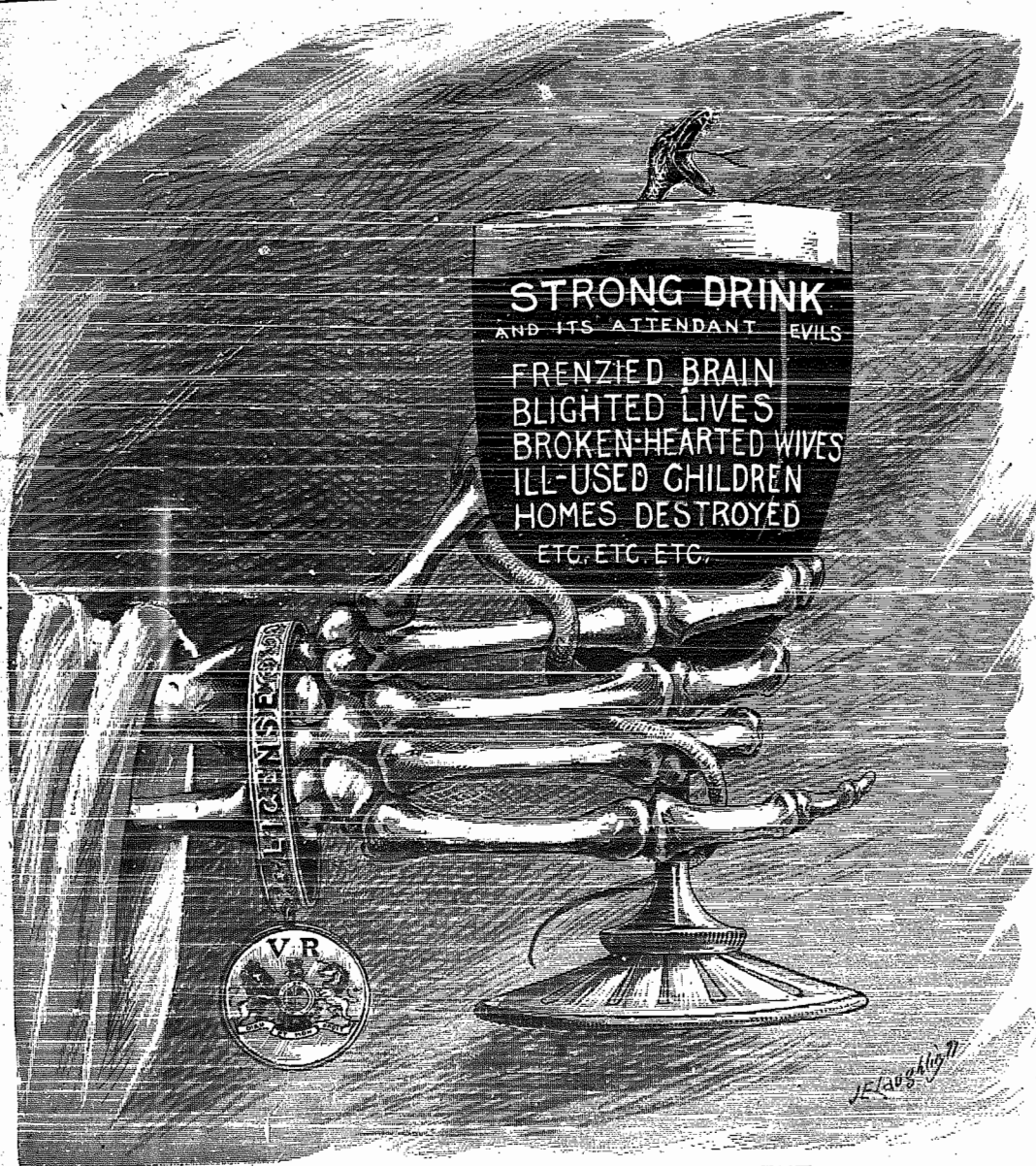
VOL. III. No. 30.

WILLIAM BOOTH
[General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, JAN. 15, 1898.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

PRICE 2 CENTS.



THE DEATH-HAND OF THE GOVERNMENT.

To secure to our citizens "Life, Liberty and a chance to be happy," our Governments exist, but through a legalized drink traffic thousands of citizens are denied per of one, and sometimes all those "inalienable rights."

form fails to touch Ars being manfully
trappled with by William Booth and
Hugh Price Hughes."

ONLY A GLASS OF WINE.

ONLY a glass of wine
When the tempter's power held
away
But it led its victim down the path
Of sin's most deadly way
It turned the channel of one young life
Into paths of doom
It showed one poor heart that once
Was as pure as the whitest snow,
Only a glass of wine, alas!
It was a mortal start,
For it turned to a demon a fair young
lad
It broke a fond mother's heart;
It darkened a young wife's happiness,
And gave her but pain and woe;
It brought her instead of loving caresses,
A curse and a cruel blow.

Only a glass of glowing wine?
Tis a little thing, but then,
It turned a bright and sunny home
Into a drunkard's den!
It blasted forever a precious life,
And sounded a funeral knell;
It placed the wreck on a drunkard's
grave
And led to a drunkard's hell.

Exchange.

THE DEATH-HAND OF THE GOVERNMENT, What It Costs.

(See Front Page.)

DIRECT COST.

His report of the Royal Commission on the Liquor Traffic estimates the annual expenditure for strong drink in Canada in the following particulars:
1. Salable for export in the quantities of wines, spirits and malt liquors entered for consumption in the five years ending 1893, but excluding cider and native wines, and taking an average retail prices, the calculation shows the sum of \$39,879,854, to be paid for liquor by the consumers. As more than half of this amount is paid for spirits to which, it is well understood, a large addition of water is made before they are vended to the public, the total amount paid is probably in excess of the sum just mentioned.

The money thus paid may be fairly said to represent so much diminution of wealth, as the liquor, when consumed, leaves the community in no way advanced. When money is paid for clothing, food, or other commodities, the purchaser is supposed to have value for his outlay. Both buyer and seller, respectively, possess wealth formerly held by the other, usually slightly increased by the exchange. The liquor seller possesses the wealth formerly held by the customer, but the customer-consumer has nothing. The community is poorer at least to the amount of money spent for the liquor. We have a right, therefore, to state that the country is impoverished annually by direct expenditure on liquor to the amount of \$39,879,854.

The country is also impoverished by the waste of capital in the manufacture of this liquor. Part of it was Canadian grain which, had it not been used for liquor making, would have been available for export or other use. Part of it was imported grain for which the money had to go out of the country. All the grain destroyed in the liquor manufacture has a right to a place in the calculation of loss. The Commission's estimate of the value of the materials used is \$1,188,705.

INDIRECT COST.

The sums mentioned represent what may be called the direct loss which the liquor traffic imposes upon the community. That traffic also causes other and far greater losses which are not so easily ascertained. The Minority Report, however, deals with them fully and thoroughly, making a careful estimate which may be summarized as follows:

Cost of Jails, Asylums, Alms-Houses, etc.—By a very careful calculation it is shown that the total amount expended by the Dominion of Canada in the administration of justice and for the maintaining of penitentiaries, jails, asylums, reformatories, alms-houses, and institutions, is estimated to be a total of \$6,098,198. Assuming that one-half of this expenditure is fairly chargeable to the liquor habit and the liquor

traffic, we get at the cost to the country thus caused, the sum of, \$3,049,097.

Loss of Labor.—The country loses a great deal because of the prevention of the production of wealth on account of persons being in jails, hospitals, asylums, or in any way idle through intemperance. The working of a gang of men in a factory can do no work if persons who work together, is interfered with by the absence of one or more in the same way. Much of our most highly organized manufacturing industry is thus seriously hampered. Not only do those who drink lose time and possible earnings; their fellow employees are also lost. The industry which employs them suffers loss. An English parliamentary report estimates the loss of the productive power of the labor of the country as lost in this way. Assuming that in Canada the loss is only eight per cent. it amounts to

Shortened Lives.—Careful calculations show that 3,000 lives are annually cut short in Canada by intemperance, each such death robbing the country of at least an average of ten years of productive power. It is estimated that in this way we sustain an annual loss of

Misdirected Work.—A similar calculation shows that the country loses by having about 10,000 men engaged in making and selling liquor, not actually adding anything to the wealth of the country, but creating conditions which increase public burdens. If rightly employed these men would add to the country an amount of wealth which we now have to do without, estimated at

A SUMMING UP.

In this connection the fact must be noted that a proportion of the national, provincial and municipal revenues is derived from the liquor traffic. The total amount thus contributed is calculated by the Commission at \$8,478,218,21, the details of which are given in the table below.

This is the amount which the liquor traffic pays for the privileges granted it. It is right that this amount should be set off against the cost of the taxes, and the various expenditures caused by the traffic, hereinafter considered. This may be done as follows:

Cost of the Liquor Traffic.

Amount paid for liquor by consumers	\$39,879,854
Value of grain, etc., destroyed	1,888,765
Cost of production of pauperism, disease, insanity and crimes chargeable to the liquor traffic	3,044,697
Loss of productive labor	76,288,000
Loss through mortality caused by drink	14,304,000
Misdirected labor	7,749,000
Total	\$143,122,716

Revenue from the Liquor Traffic.

Dominion Government	\$1,101,567
Provincial Governments	251,822
Municipalities	429,407
Total	\$8,478,218
Net loss	\$134,644,498

This startling calculation does not include, as a charge against the liquor traffic, the great amount of money spent in watching it and collecting the revenue from it. Rev. Dr. McCleod in reference to it says further:

In the foregoing table the items charged to the liquor traffic are moderate estimates, and many things, which might properly be included, are omitted because of the difficulty of putting them into dollars and cents. Your Commission has no doubt that were fifty per cent. added to the above figures against the liquor traffic, it would not then be excessive.

AN ANNUAL CHARGE.

It must also be kept in mind that the enormous balance chargeable to the liquor traffic represents only one year's waste. For many years like burdens, in proportion to the population, have been imposed upon the country. These facts make it easy to appreciate the truth and force of the statement made in 1884 by Hon. Mr. Foster. Under a table prepared by him showing the cost of liquor consumed in Canada from 1868 to 1882, inclusive, to have been \$103,200,000, he wrote:

One can scarcely imagine the awful significance of the above figures. The large quantities of grain that have been wasted, would have fed millions of people. The one year's loss of the Dominion of Canada. The cost per head has been fully twice as much as the total cost per head of all our

customs dues since Confederation. The total amount spent in the fifteen years above tabulated was \$1,032,000,000. This would have defrayed all our cost of government, built our railways and left us without a shadow of a national debt. To all this we must add the incalculable cost of citizens slain, labor destroyed, pauperism borne and crime watched, restrained and punished. The wonder is, that, with such terrible waste, our country enjoys any prosperity. If this waste could be made to cease, Canada in ten years would not know herself, so prosperous and wealthy would she have grown. Surely it is the part of all citizens to see to it that such a national scourge and destruction is dried up. Prohibition is the only effectual cure.

ROUND A CHRISTMAS TREE.

Officers' Children at Lippincott with the Commissioner.



F course," said one officer, "I am going to-night. How could I keep from seeing the children? It is such a joy to see them enjoying themselves."

This was probably the reason that took so many big people to see the little people play. If so they had their wish, for small heads were brimful of fun and frolic. The grown-up crowd who first watched them, then laughed and joined in with them and finally fell to playing themselves in right good earnest had a big share in the pleasure of "Children's night."

It was after the long tables spread with just the kind of pretty cakes and candies which small tastes love, had been cleared away that merry-making began. All kinds of games kept little feet pattering up and down the Lippincott floor which made the most charming of spacious play-grounds, while little tongues with excited shouts kept the hall

Ringling with Merry Laughter.

The Staff Band played some of its merriest tunes, while Ensign Berry and Cadet Easton in turn brought cheerful harmony out of the piano. Of course the Field Commissioner was present—when children playing or children playing are in the question she is only absent of necessity, and she gave up the whole evening from her



papers to superintend the little ones' treat. The Commissioner was full of interest in the children's games, now suggesting some addition to the fun, and now cheering combatants on, yet

Keeping Her Watchful Eye Least the Smaller Ones Should be Punished

In the prettiest tug-of-war in which the little people tugged, and alternately lost and won among the delighted shouts of their grown-up onlookers. But the fun increased mightily when

the huge Christmas Tree was lighted up, and its presents distributed by a veritable Santa Claus.

Tired but happy the little ones gathered at last from games and fun and kneeling in a big group on the floor strewn with nutshells, sang a parting evening hymn, and then Staff-Captain Minnie thanked God for their happy evening and prayed in language which even the toddlers could understand and that those who had enjoyed the fun might never be naughty any more.



ENSIGN BARR'S WEDDING.

The G. B. M. Agent of the Pacific Division.

(Special.)

The wedding of Ensign Barr, the G. B. M. Agent of the Pacific Province, to Capt. Moffatt, of Kalkpell, in the Music Hall, Spokane, on Dec. 13th, was an event of unusual importance, as it was the first officers' wedding in the city. The miserably wet night did not prevent the attendance of a large crowd of happy and interested people who thoroughly enjoyed themselves right through the whole service. Brigadier Howell, assisted by Staff-Capt. Watson, conducted the ceremony.



MRS. ENSIGN BARR.

The bride party were greeted with an enthusiastic welcome on their arrival. The Brigadier humorously expressed a few things respecting the Ensign's courtship, throwing a little light on the inner workings of Salvation Army engagements. The bride was supported by Cadet Haas, her late assistant, while the groom had the able support of no less a person than Adj. Hay, who, of course, had arranged to be home on this auspicious occasion.



ENSIGN BARR.

The newly-married couple expressed their determination to seek first the Kingdom and the salvation of souls. Adj. Edgcomb, who was present, and others of the married fraternity, spoke briefly.

A surprise was sprung upon the bride and on the officers concerned, when Brigadier Howell promoted Cadet

Major McIntyre Tells a Good Tale of the West.

CHINESE WORK GRAND SUCCESS—COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER'S LABOR COLONY FULL OF PROMISE.

Notes of a Cry Man's Conferences with a California Colonel.

MAJOR and MRS. MCINTYRE, from San Francisco, have just gone down stairs, and one of Staff-Capt. Horn's staff to the Editorial hand, as he entered from the War Cry composing room one evening recently. Hurrying down the side-walk the War Cry man caught up with the Californians standing chatting with the Women's Social Secretary in the sombre shadows of the famous old Temple. Both the Major and Mrs. McIntyre report themselves well in body and soul. They have farewelled from the West and go as General Secretaries in Boston, New England Chief Division.

Major McIntyre has shaved

off his beard, which protected his bronchial tubes when in these more Northern regions, and now wears heavy moustaches of a strong Van-dyke-brown color, which, with eyebrows of a similar shade, add considerably to the distinctiveness of his pleasant face. The Cry man secured the promise of a visit to the War Cry office before the Major resumed his journey to Mecca.

According to promise the Major called at the War Cry office before the week elapsed, and here follows the substance of the news.

THE ONLY AND ORIGINAL MILAAPS.

"Frisco Major, I'm always interested in 'Frisco. How is it going?" "Going along alright."

abilities of raising a pioneer force for China.)

"How many soldiers remain?" "Well, on account of the shifting character of the population I have mentioned we find it difficult to make and keep soldiers. We have only forty in the corps, but we are continually hearing of others about the State who, though absent, are still faithful. The work is by no means lost in FACT, although lost to US for the time being."

The answer looked disappointing, but is perfectly reasonable to any who have worked among a shifting population, whether of Anglo-Saxons or Celestials. And what is the quality of the these Chinese Salvatians?

"They are notable for their solidity—are a genuinely spiritual lot of men. I consider the Chinese corps ALMOST, if not THE

Best of the Rio-ya Corps in San Francisco.

certainly it is the most encouraging. They are very generous. Of course, in a general way, we do not BEG." (This with a peculiar emphasis the Cry man well understood.) "We simply announce and take up the collection. I went to the Chinese corps recently to conduct the farewell meeting of Ensign May Jackson, who was leaving for China, and asked for something to towards her travelling expenses. The Chinamen walked up from the audience and put \$2 in my hand in a few minutes. At my own farewell I asked each San Francisco corps to give me so much money for our cartage, and in



MAJOR and MRS. MCINTYRE, General Secretaries New England Chief Division.

"Milaaps—Major Milaaps, your highly original editor—how is he?"

"Just about the same," with a smile at the Cry man's remark, "he is one by himself—there is only one Milaaps in the world. A good man he is."

SALVATION FOR CHINA IN FRISCO.

"That Chinese work—I am full of curiosity about it—what is it really?" "A splendid work."

"No future?"

"Not a bit!"—the last remark drew the Major out and he immediately began in his quiet, earnest, convincing way to place the War Cry man in possession of the main facts. Said he, "Chinatown hears about the same relationship to the Chinamen scattered throughout California, that St. John's in the grain fields and orchards, but it is to Chinatown they invariably drift back at intervals. Out of this migratory crowd of Chinese we have, since the work commenced, had

Seven Hundred and Fifty who have Professed Christianity."

(Ejaculations of delight from the Cry man, who saw in the statement pos-

sible of raising the amount came more quickly than in any of the others.)

(Note.—The reader will notice that John Chinaman is a careful man with his money, and his generosity is one of the best evidences of his salvation. —Ed.)

MAY JACKSON, SAINT AND PIONEER OF THE CHINESE WORK.

"And how is that little lassie officer—the pioneer—getting on?" "May Jackson, you mean. Oh, we have sent her to Hong Kong to master the language. She used to faint lessons in Chinese, but as soon as her lesson was over she came out and went on talking English again. At Hong Kong she will be so circumstanced that no English will be spoken around her, and therefore she will acquire the Chinese much quicker. All the work hitherto has been done through an interpreter."

"What led to the selection of Ensign Jackson?"

"Well, we were looking around for an officer for the Chinese work, and we found that May Jackson had taught in the Chinese mission school, previous to her entering the Army, and loved them very much; and in Santa Eze, where she was then stationed, she had just got two Chinamen and a Chinese

woman converted. This led Colonel Keppel to select her. She is one of the weakest of the weak physically, but her mind seems to

Colonel of Assurances and Nerves.

but she is a beautiful-spirited girl, and thoroughly in love with her work. As you may imagine, Chinatown is NOT one of the most pleasant places in the world, but MAY JACKSON can love the Chinese. Chinatown, although she is so delicate. Her love for the work is comfortable. Capt. May Thompson, and Lieut. Graham, two other earnest lassies have since been in charge of the work and it is just as encouraging as in the early days."

THE CALIFORNIAN LABOR COLONY.

"There is another undertaking in California, which is attracting attention, viz., the Industrial Colony. I notice, too, that it is not only an Army of men, but that the army of women of some of San Francisco's leading citizens. Tell me, Major, how it came about."

The Labor Colony

grew out of a visit the Commander paid San Francisco to explain to the well-to-do people his scheme for transferring the cant-work to the land, there to earn the own livelihood on the original Adams lines. After the members of the Chamber of Commerce had heard the Commander's outline they opened the academy of fifteen, including Major Winchell, and Hugh Craig at the head, to discuss the Commander's plan with the result that the scheme was endorsed, considerable money raised, and a

Five Hundred and Twenty Acres Farm

by the Commander. Recently another Committee of five was formed, of which Colonel Evans and Major Winchell are members. This is known as the working committee; they discuss and pass judgment upon all expenditure. Lieut. Colonel Evans and Ex-Major Elliot have the signing of all cheques on account of the scheme. The land of the Farm has been divided into

Ten-Acre Lots, One for Each Family.

Twelve car-loads of lumber were going to the Farm when I left, towards the construction of quarters for Ensign Wood, a hall for meetings, an exchange store, and a cottage for each colonist and his family. Having found that a home the idea is to purchase for each family a cow and such other live stock, and implements as are necessary in the initial stage of farm-life and then loan them money to keep going. The whole outlay to be paid back at a low rate of interest."

"That sounds excellent. The idea of putting the colonist into surroundings that have been prepared for him, instead of throwing him loose on the prairie is in strict accordance with the General's Over-Sea-Colony plan, and no doubt a long step towards the successful settling of men on the land. What is the land like for agricultural purposes?"

"It will grow almost anything in the State, grain and vegetable line, but is especially suitable for sugar beets, the growing of which forms quite a big business out there."

"The California colony, I am given to understand, is the work of several, each of which will have a local committee at the back of it similar to the Californian one, but out of these committees a National Colonization Board will be formed which will be of great assistance to the Commander; the working out of the scheme will be done by the Army, of course."

"What a prospect! But America has not an out-of-work left."

FRISCO AGAIN.

"And now, Major, reverting to San Francisco again. Will the Salvation Army soldiers like there?"

"They are enthusiastic, and beautifully loyal, and the officers are gems. The Salvation Army is a great business and oneness which is very refreshing—they are great on comradeship."

There had been any number of interruptions to the interview from Artists, Officers, and others wishing to transact business with the War Cry man until we fear the impression had been made that the interview was over. There was no time for interviews at this office. At any rate he closed down at this point and hurried off with outstretched hand and best wishes for his future prosperity. He is an old identity around Toronto, and many who remain are glad to note the success with which God is favoring him and his good wife, under the wave of the star-spangled banner.

Miss, the bridesmaid, to the rank of Lieutenant and Cadet Arnold on this spot.

A wedding noisel succeeded the wedding, to which a large number remained.

Ensign and Mrs. Barr left for their new appointment, New Whatom corps and District, the following day, determined to spend their honeymoon in seeking the salvation of souls.

Thus ended a very happy marriage of a very happy couple. Needless to say the bride conducted the ceremony in his happiest mood and most inspiring manner.

We predict for our comrades a successful and useful future, on behalf of the Pacific provinces, and God's best blessing, "which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow." J. W.

THE AUXILIARY LEAGUE.

By J. R.

THE COMMISSIONER is very anxious indeed that this important League of allies and friends should be more fully developed. She sincerely thanks every existing member for all the help they have rendered to the work done by the Army in this Territory, and feels that the time is now ripe for a forward move so that the chain of auxiliaries shall be strengthened and increased as never before. To this end:

(1.) Each existing member on the Central Roll should endeavor to secure another, on the principle of seeking to bring the benefits of the League within the grasp of as many friends as possible.

(2.) All whose names once graced the Roll should, if circumstances will permit, rejoin without delay, and set another of their friends to join with them.

(3.) Where possible, we desire any present member to act as a local Auxiliary Secretary, whose duty will be to represent some part of our bigger cities, or a town, or district comprising a few small towns, becoming responsible in the Commissioner's name, for the oversight of such district according to instructions from Territorial Headquarters. Those Secretaries can arrange drawing-room meetings, select gatherings, etc., and generally interest themselves in not only enrolling new members, but assisting the Army's work in any and every way possible. Non-members can also act as Secretaries.

(4.) Officers or soldiers who may be acquainted with ladies, ministers, lawyers, merchants or other like people, who love the S. A. and think such would become members, if suitably approached should visit them personally, or send their name and address to us when we will link on to them from Territorial Headquarters. If there should be a suitable person for the position of Auxiliary Secretary in any corps their name should be sent.

NOTE.—The work of an Auxiliary Secretary is to keep the Auxiliaries who are already enrolled informed of the progress of our operations, help to arrange meetings in drawing-rooms and churches. In due course they will be supplied with printed information suitable for securing new friends. This work will not involve a very great expenditure of time and labor, the secret is to be ready with a suitable word as opportunity offers. Secretaries are at liberty to solicit as much help from their friends as they are able. It may be possible to do a great deal in this way.

Now for a "move on" in this direction! The Field Commissioner is so anxious to add new names to the roll that she desires officers and soldiers to be on the alert for new Auxiliaries. Such people are of great assistance to the local corps operations. All information will be gladly supplied by Brigadier J. R. Territorial Headquarters, Albert St., Toronto.

Remember that the subscription is \$5.00 annually with the privilege of a free copy of either of the following: All the World (monthly); Canadian, English, or American War Cry (weekly), and free access to Army meetings.

EMIGRATION.—"BRAVE LAND OF STRANGLERS" between Canada and the Old Country.—To those who have a desire of going abroad we shall be pleased to furnish particulars of emigration, and to advise them of the passage given by the above Steamboat Company, for which we are agents. For special rates for either first, second or third class passengers, see the latest copy of our Emigration form, which has been from STAFF-CAPTAIN BARRISTER, ex-Mr. James and Albert Street, Toronto.

GAZETTE.

MARRIAGE.
CAPT. WILLIAM ALLEN, of Nepeawa, Man., to CAPT. R. A. Parkinson, residing, on December 22nd, 1897, at Nepeawa.
EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.

God's all-sufficient grace to be granted in the bereaved and sorrowing who must ever their dead or watch beside the sick couch of their wounded. Miss Booth personally, as well as on behalf of her officers and soldiers, especially desires every citizen of London to be assured of the profoundest sympathy of herself and her people in this terrible loss.

THE EASTERN PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

Q AJOR PUGMIRE's health has not been very good lately. Like a wise man he is putting in the stitch in time that saves nine, and calculates on being in good trim for the General's meetings and the coming Self-Denial in the East.

"HOT SCOTCH."

BY the kindness of the Editor in Chief—Reynolds, of New York—we are able to publish the first chapters of the new serial, "Hot Scotch," simultaneously with himself. We invite all our soldiers to read the opening chapters, and we prophesy a bright, spicy and withal edifying story worthy of our frater of the great Republic, who must have— from the amount of literature he is responsible for—an enormous experience in popular newspaper work.

SALVATION AT HILLSBORO, NORTH DAKOTA.

Tobacco, Cigarettes and Opium Swept Away.

(Special.)

The B. A. is on the move. The last catch was five souls in one week. Tobacco, cigarettes, and opium in some of these cases have been swept away by the Flood of the Lamb. Most of the converts take to the Army like young ducks to water. At the present the haul is too small. A beautiful wave of salvation is sweeping over the town. Many are in the valley of decision, and we believe the New Year will be a starting point for some more, as they are now in pick's—Hewitt, for Davidson & Co.

INGERSOLL'S JUBILEE COMMITTEE.

(Special.)

THE Jubilee Committee, Ingersoll, consisting of Messrs: S. King, W. Mills, T. H. Noxon and M. J. McDermott, decided to hand over a cheque for \$10 to each congregation in town, including the Salvation Army, to bring Christmas cheer among the poor in their congregations. Captain Oakes received the money on the morning preceding the J.S. "Christmas sleigh," and never, we think, did a cheque come more opportunely than this, or spent to better advantage. A list of names and suitable needles were made out, and so thoughtfully and carefully was the cash expended that between twenty-five and thirty persons received a useful, though unexpected, present from this fund. While part was expended for warm clothing, hosiery, etc., others received theirs in cash. It was noticeable that the list received no other gift from the town and nowhere and all over they were saying, "Why, this is just what I needed." A small sum was given to me and spent in a treat for the number of poor children who frequent the barracks, and are not yet Juniors. Captain also sent tickets to those of her list and secured their attendance, to receive their pleasant surprise. We deeply appreciate this confidence and consideration shown us by the Jubilee Committee, and pray God's choicest blessing upon Ingersoll's officials who are so considerate for their less favored townfolk.—Minnie Kennedy, Reg. Cor.

ARE YOU A CITY DRIVER?

WANTED—A man who can groom a horse, take care of a coupe, and who is a thoroughly competent city driver. Applicant must be unmarried and a Soldier of the Salvation Army. Apply to ENSIGN FLETCHER, Lifeboat, Toronto.

OLD RICHMOND STREET

Still in the Soul-Saving Business.

(Special.)

Adj. Stanyon conducted the meeting at Richmond St. on Sunday night. The corps had had a wonderful prayer meeting earlier in the day, and the Adjutant's visit proved a blessed wind-up. Two souls sought God's pardon after a very good meeting.

THE SECTIONAL COMMANDER

Has a Rousing Time at Uxbridge.

(Special.)

Staff-Capt. Minnie, assisted by Ensign Kenning (War Cry staff), spent a rousing week-end at Uxbridge. Zero outside, all on fire inside. Good crowd. Interest great. Soldiers encouraged. Two souls at night, and finances more than ten times previous week's income. Give to Jesus glory. H.K.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. HARGRAVE

Have Glorious Week-end at Temple.

Big Banquet—Big Blessings—Big Finances.

(Special.)

STAFF-CAPT. and Mrs. Hargrave, the new Sectional Commanders of the Southern half of the Central Ontario Province, enjoyed a day of glorious salvation at the Temple on Sunday, preceded by a banquet and an enthusiastic meeting on Saturday night. The penitent army was in use at every meeting except the kneel-drill, the total number forward being six. Offerings for the day \$18—including Saturday night's, \$25—including again the proceeds on the banquet, nearly \$50, which amount covers the gas bill owing.

Staff-Capt. Hargrave reports the corps in splendid spirits, and every thing ripe for a magnificent winter campaign.

THE BLOOD-AND-FIRE STANDARD RAISED

AT BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

Commanding Officers Banks and Middel Pioneer the Advance—Officers Welcome the Army.

(Special.)

O PENED FIRE here December 14th and 15th. Ensign Steiger and Sister Labadie, from St. Albans, assisted. Fight hard but good crowds in the open-air and hall. Many friends rallying to our assistance in giving towards furnishing officers' quarters and providing temporal needs, also helping in our meetings. Large crowds at open-air. Meetings getting more interesting. Conviction deepening. People getting to understand us better. Many wanted to know how long we were going to remain. Why we have come to stay. Police friendly. Had meeting Sunday afternoon down at the "Brewery." Only two to take our stand night, notwithstanding we are succeeding. Yours in the war—Capt. H. C. Banks, Lieut. W. Liddell.

Notice to Field Officers.

Field Officers who have not sent in their Local Officer's Commission for the year 1897 to their Provincial Officer, are requested to do so at once.

Notice to War Cry Correspondents.

War Cry correspondents are particularly requested to forward the Editor any newspapers containing notes on the Salvation Army.

BILLETS.

All officers requiring billets in connection with the General's campaign in Toronto, will please send their application to Staff-Capt. Hargrave, 83 Harbord St., Toronto. Officers arranging their own billets will oblige by sending name and address of same as above. Billets cannot be guaranteed after Monday, Jan. 31st.

The God Coming.

By the Commissioner.

WHAT IS READY to come of our wide-spreading Territory and the first notes of that thundering welcome to the arrival of our beloved and honoured God.

He comes—the Army of the Hope of the Deafened and Destitute—the Army of the countless salvation to all men; and the inspiration is to the follower of the Flag which is the anticipation of all for the most daring, the most triumphant campaigning for God and righteousness which has been privileged to witness or have a hand in. With a word of love and confidence shall we greet our God-owned Army.

The Holy and Blessed Battle

fought on the bloodless field for God and man.

How closely, too, to the side in the conflicts of the campaign—backing with the same faith and prayer, and pushing every plan and every step each detail of his tour a sweeping success. For the one amongst us on his one and undying errand—the same and the blessing and sanctifying of the saint. The same reached us the

Reverent and Holy of Success

and Heavenly-inspired Army in abundant repetition when he shall come in our midst, persistent besieging of the Throne of Grace—all the more faith and the devotion of our more desperate efforts shall be one which his own unsparring toiling to this.

And God is not going to be the eye of our faith is fixed upon buildings through which again—upon lined penitents—upon an enthusiasm of our faithful officer ranks and a public stirred to the very heart and sympathy as the result of our General's visit. Let our prayers be big enough—that our faith asks for great things.

Mighty Spirit and War Extensions

and the answer will not be a overflowing measure of all-conquering grace and faith.

As in imagination I see the front of warrior wellcomers and catch the first glimpse of the host of not only my General but my father, my heart is drawn and my anticipations are deep and high. I look forward when with joy I receive our Commander in Chief which he gave to me now over a year ago, and present to me the words of whose sacrifice and toil I am so proud, which his hands during that time and enabled us together with God to realize achievements which have, I know, filled the General with joy and astonished the world. The strength of a faithful soldier added to the unswerving confidence of a loyal subject, now to my voice and sharpness to my sword as together we are going on of love and array ourselves to wage

A Few Privileged Moments of the General's Immediate

By the time this message is sent you but a few days will divide us from the date of the General's coming with us—the commencement of a tour which for blessed influences will I believe set in shade our most brilliant success, enlarge the Kingdom of God, save hundreds of souls, raise the Flag higher, and cheer the General's own invincible Army.

Field Commissioner.

Field Commissioner.

THE POOR MAN'S FEAST.

The Field Commissioner at the Shelter Christmas.

The Gentle Coming.

By the Field Commissioner.

ALREADY the sound of our wide-spreading Territory as the first notes of that thundering welcome to the arrival of our beloved and honoured General.

He comes—the Angel of Hope of the Defrauded and Destitute—the Messenger of boundless salvation to all men; and the inspiration in his coming hotter the zeal of every follower of the Flag who are quickening the anticipation of all for the most daring, devoted and triumphant campaigning for God and righteousness since the world has been privileged to witness or have a hand in. With a faith of love and confidence shall we greet our God-sent General.

The General's Battles

fought on the bloodless battle-field for God and man. How closely, too, he is in the conflicts of the campaign—backing with his own faith and prayer, and pushing every plan and attacking each detail of his tour a sweeping success. For the General amongst us on his one and undying errand—the salvation of the world and the blessing and sanctifying of the saint. His presence reached us the

Reverberations of a Golden Rule of Success

and Heavenly-inspired General an abundant repetition when he shall come in our own day and persistent besieging of the Throne of Grace. All his faith and the devotion of our more desperate soldiers shall be one with his own unsparing toiling to this end.

And God is not going to fail. The eye of our faith is fixed upon battles thronged with men—upon lined penitents—upon an enthusiastic officer ranks and a public stirred to the very heart and sympathy as the result of our General's visit. Let our prayers be big enough—that our faith acts for great things.

Mighty Spirituality and War Extensions—

and the answer will be in the following measure of all-conquering grace and fulfilment.

As in imagination I see the front of warrior welcomers and catch the first glimpse of the General's brow not only my General but my father, my heart is set on and my anticipations are deep and high. I look forward when with joy I receive our Commander in Chief, who has given to me now over a year ago, and present to me the spirit of whose sacrifice and toil I am so proud, which my hands during that time and enabled us together with God to realize achievements which have, I know, filled the General with joy and astonished the world. The strength of a daughter is added to the unswerving confidence of a loyal subject, answer to my voice and sharpness to my sword as together we sing a song of love and array ourselves to wage

A Few Privileged Moments of the General's Immediate

By the time this message reaches you but a few days will divide us from the date of the General's coming with us—the commencement of a tour which for blessed influences will I believe set in shade our most brilliant successes, enlarge the Kingdom of God, save hundreds of souls, ring higher, and cheer the General's own invincible

Dollie Booth

Field Commissioner.



"This Corry's Capital."

As we are constantly discovering our highest happiness is to minister to the happiness of others, then the evening spent at the Men's Shelter was the most truly pleasurable of all the Christmas festivities.

Hot roast turkey and goose, steaming plum pudding, and an unlimited supply of tea and coffee at a low cost are not ill-favored fare at any time, but seem to increase in agreeable value when they give someone

The Luxury of Handing Out Piled-up Plates and Brimming Cups

to a crowd of famishing men, seeing a well-fed glow return to the cold, pinched cheeks. Anyway, so thought a privileged group of Headquarters' officers who for the time transformed themselves into the poor man's waiters. How all-round is Salvationism—a rapid welder of the type looked quite in his element mounted on a chair peering with a superintendent's anxiety into the requirements of the giant who, while sister representatives of the shorthand craft performed heroic feats in carrying heavy platefuls and collecting dirty dishes. Our correspondent found ample athletic exercise in a succession of races between the afore-said runs and the thirstiest of (for that night at all events) ardent coffee-drinkers.

Harmonious strains from sweet stringed instruments and clear-toned brass frequently give the musician as much pleasure as the hearer in their production, but when the playing means the bringing of melody and Salvation song into lives darkened and disordered with want and sin, the pleasure is increased tenfold. Something of this undisturbed joy was felt by the members of the Staff and String Bands and the played many shadows off the faces of the sad, while

Time-worn Shoes Tapped Time Approximately

upon the shelter floor. So much for those who served. The guests, 120 in number, were royally regaled in the Shelter dining-room. If the credit of Ensign Fletcher's catering could ever be brought into question it would be found established forever in the hungry mouths satisfied by the good things which he provided for his men that night. They were a motley throng—battered, aged, dissipated youth, shabby gentility, undeniable specimens of the tramp fraternity—all these and many more gathered round the white-robed tables, united in

The Common Brotherhood of Hunger.

Outside the wind was howling with searching bite and the streets were disagreeably slushy. But inside warmth and plenty gave its fortunate sharers the courage of defiance of the weather, and made the contrast rather pleasant than otherwise.

The after-meeting of a feast is not, as a rule, distinctive for spirituality, but there was singular direction of aim all through on this particular occasion.

The Field Commissioner, whose much appreciated presence was given at the price of some work gauntlet-running, and considerable disregard of physical fatigue, soon made it clear that her errand was distinctly one of salvation, and inspired her armor-bearers to go

straight for souls.

A few minutes and the Commissioner was

On Excellent Terms with Her Audiences

telling them even "if they couldn't sing, to sing all the same," and getting a vocal response from those strong voices which made the clean-scrubbed airy building resound with jingling song. Turkey must be a good voice restorative.

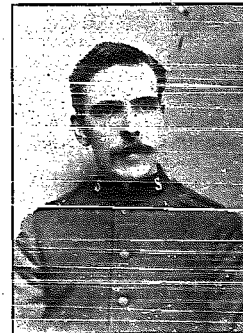
It was not a meeting with a good deal of speculating, but every point told. Mrs. Hargrave's "Come home" was a truly-voiced appeal, and Ensign Kenning's testimony of a religion that had stood the test of his hard case forced conviction. Illustrating by a quick cure for physical ailment he rejoiced over the efficacy of the Blood to cleanse, for," he said, "the

Old Complaints Haven't Come Back to Me."

"There is no excuse for your not being converted—if time is so valuable, what is the worth of eternity—love is stronger than dynamite. These shots and like heavy firing fell from Major Gaskin's gun, and accomplished some piercing work.

The Commissioner did not speak—instead, she asked all who could possibly do so to kneel while she held up the needs of the crowd before the Throne. It was touching to see the ready obedience to her request from many who were evidently unaccustomed to bond in prayer. Tenderly the Commissioner poured out the story of the sorrows and sins of hearts before her into Heaven's listening ear. The visible answer was the return of a prodigious, over whose entrance into deliverance the Commissioner and her staff spent a half-hour's prayer meeting.

The quality of that Shelter dinner and meeting was twice blessed, blessing both the giver and receiver, and Ensign Fletcher is to be congratulated upon the undoubted success of his Christmas enterprise.



ENSIGN FLETCHER.

Chief Officer at the Workman's Hotel, Toronto.

The new Lantern Service, "Alone in London," brings tears to all eyes. Even Capt. C., hard-hearted as he is, had to stop and wipe away his tears.

The story is of an old man and his daughter who lived happily together, not in poverty, but a certain amount of comfort derived from a little newspaper shop. The girl finally falls in love with a young ne'er-do-weel, and against her father's wishes, runs away with him. He never hears from her and time passes slowly with the old man. One night he hears a little girl's voice in the darkness of his shop: Lighting the gas quickly he finds a tiny child—Dollie—who says her mamma told her to wait until she came for her. They told her in vain and finally the old man unfastened her little bundle and finds a note from his wayward daughter asking him to cure for her little girl. The girl, he told with her soldier husband and Dollie lives with her Grandfather. The heat and stifling atmosphere tell upon the little one, and she begins to cough and pine away. With the help of a poor boy whom he had befriended, the old man, almost blind, succeeds in carrying her to the

doors of a Children's Hospital only to be told that the seventy-five beds were full, and they cannot take her. Forwfully they carry her back just in time to see her breathe her last. The thought that only seventy-five out of all the thousands of sick children in that large metropolis could be cared for there never leaves the poor old grandfather and he totters once a week to his doors and laments and prays over this fact.

Remember, those who listen to this service, or who read these lines, that every cent you drop into the box enables us to help a greater number of these poor little ones.



Drawing.

COMING SOON.

"RECORD MAKING AND RECORD BREAKING," an interesting sketch of Salvation Army work in Japan, by Mrs. Colonel Bailey, of Tokio. Illustrated.

ALL ABOUT THE ARMY WOOD LIMIT IN THE NORTH WEST.

Coming Events

STAFF-CAPTAIN MINNICK.

The Sectional Commander of the Northern Central Ontario Section, will visit the following corps:

Newmarket, Sat., Sun., Jan. 16th, 16th.
Aurora, Mon., Jan. 17th.
Orillia, Sat., Sun., Jan. 22nd, 23rd.
Midland, Mon., Jan. 24th.

Soldiers should rally up in numbers and in good time for open-air, and do their best to make the meetings a great spiritual and financial success.

CAPTAIN COLLIER'S TOUR.

Amherstburg, Jan. 13; Essex, Jan. 14; Windsor, Jan. 15, 16; Corbin, Jan. 17; Tilbury, Jan. 18; Chatham, Jan. 19; Thamesville, Jan. 20; Wardville, Jan. 21; Bothwell, Jan. 22, 23; Dresden, Jan. 24; Wallaceburg, Jan. 25; Whitecourt, Jan. 26; Ft. Hamilton, Jan. 27; Sarnia, Jan. 28, 29; Forest, Jan. 31; Theford, Feb. 1; Wyomine, Feb. 2; Petrolia, Feb. 3; Glen Rae, Feb. 4; Watford, Feb. 5, 6; Waukeg, Feb. 7; Strathroy, Feb. 8; London, Feb. 9.

G. E. M. PROVINCIAL AGENTS' APPOINTMENTS.

ADJUT. HAY—Billings, Jan. 8, 9, 10; Anacosta, Jan. 11, 12; Dillon, Jan. 13, 14; Butte, Jan. 15, 16, 17; Great Falls, Jan. 18, 20; Kallispell, 22, 23, 24; Nelson, Feb. 5, 6, 7; Kalso, Feb. 8, 9; Roseland, Feb. 10, 11.

CAPT. CUMMINS—Collingswood, Jan. 11, 12; Barrie, Jan. 13, 14; Orillia, Jan. 15, 16; Midland, Jan. 17, 18; Passerton, Jan. 19; Coldwater, Jan. 20; Orillia, Jan. 21; Gravenhurst, Jan. 22, 23; Barrie, Jan. 24, 25; Huntsville, Jan. 26; Parry Sound, Jan. 27, 28; Duichurch, Jan. 29; Ahmic Harbor, Jan. 30, 31; Ahmic Lake, Feb. 1.

ENSIGN MACKENZIE—Prince Albert, Jan. 9, 10, 11, 12; Carberry, Jan. 14, 15, 16; Winnipeg, Jan. 17, 18; Selkirk, Jan. 19, 20; Ft. William, Jan. 21, 22; Ft. Arthur, Jan. 24, 25, 26; Portage, Jan. 27, 28, 29; Keewatin, Jan. 28; Winnipeg, Jan. 31, Feb. 1.



Halifax.—We are in the midst of Christmas festivities, and those of us enjoying God's great blessings to mankind, many of whom take on thought of their eternal welfare, but praise God, many of us are rejoicing in Christ our Saviour, Who supplies a continual feast. Hallelujah! Grand meeting on Christmas Day. Six recruits enrolled by Adit. Alkenand, under the Blood-and-Fire Mass. Sunday nine souls at the Cross for the day.

The Christmas War Cry Went Like
Minos Pie.

It was a good success generally, and very attractive in its appearance.—Sec. Caslin.

Lugar St.—As Christmas was a day of family greetings and meetings we just held a Christmas service to commemorate Christ's birth and our own birth into a new life with Christ. We had our happy Saturday night Gospel Temperance meeting as usual, which was a good thing. A good programme. They are talking well. Sunday was a great day among the soldiers. Knee-drill small. The soldiers and friends ate too much turkey and mince pudding, which made them sleepy in the a.m., but they turned out well all day. Staff-Capt. Smetton and his dear wife, conducted the holiness meeting. Major and Mrs. Mark took the evening meeting. Great crowds, but hard to convict the sinners, but thank God we caught one soul for Christ.—S. McFarland, Sec. Cor.

Fenelon Falls.—Special and deep interest is being manifested in the work for God here. Four more have yielded to the strivings of the Spirit. Of course the devil kicks, but we are enabled to say that if all hell should surround us we would press through the throngs conquering as we go. Yours delighting in the war.—Capt. and Mrs. Williams and Lieut. Cyrus.

Watford.—Christmas night we rejoiced to see one soul leave the devil's ranks and enlist in the service of the Heavenly King. We give God the praise and glory, and thank Him for great victories. Capt. McIntyre.

Blenheim.—Marine Band with us for Saturday and Sunday, and they took the cake. Barracks packed. People delighted with their fine music and attractive dress. Christmas Cry was a beauty.

All Sold Before Christmas Eve.

We appreciate the Provincial Officer's Christmas letter and photo. Dear Captain is having a trial of her faith, having been sick a week. She cut her head very badly. I suppose all the reports of S.-D. are by this time, but a good thing must not be passed by. Our target was a rise of \$35 on last year, making our target of \$100 saved to look at, but we got there all the same.—Tm. Crockett, Sec. Cor., for Capt. Wheeler and Hollett.

Pitton.—We are still marching on doing our utmost for the Kingdom. Held our Christmas Tree and children's entertainment with success. Lieut. has recovered and gone to nurse her mother. Captain still alone, but is believing for help soon. God is on our side, and victory is sure. Two souls since last report.—McIntyre.

Milbrook.—We are having times of blessing and victory. Souls are getting to be taken to Christ at Milbrook. God, soon after the Lord's day, we were called to visit a dying girl. The Lord was near and blessed us as we talked and read and prayed. Two hours afterwards she passed away with the words,

"Lord, Take Me."

on her lips. Since her death her father, her sister, and her brother-in-law have one at a time sought and found Christ at our pentite form.—Edna A. Jones, Capt.

Moscow, Idaho.—Since opening up Moscow on Nov. 25th, '97, we have seen four souls crying to Christ at Milbrook. Praise God! Our target for S. D. was \$50, which was knocked in the head

alright. The public in general responded to our call for funds for our Self-Denial. They are a fine lot of people here in Moscow. On Wednesday evening Lieutenant Harris re-Captain Sheard, arrived to assist and Satar. On Wednesday night a saloon keeper gave us the privilege of holding our meeting in his saloon, and he did not sell any liquor while the meeting was going on. We had a good crowd and God was very near to us, also a good collection. May God bless the saloon keeper, and may his eyes be opened that he may see the danger he is in of not only ruining himself, but others also.—Lieut. S. G. Harris, for Capt. A. Sheard.

Vancouver.—We have just celebrated our tenth anniversary in this city with a three days' campaign of the old style war memories. Enrolled six recruits, commissioned ten Sergeants. One wanderer sought restoration. We also had a nice present given to us for the barracks, the following will speak for itself. It is a nice 8-day clock. Bro. McTelr, a colored brother, was enrolled on this occasion. Yours plodding along.—M. Ayre.

*Remembered
Dec. 30th 1897
This clock is given to
the Salvation Army
Barracks of Vancouver
for the length of the
year.
Given by the young
men of the coast at
the Restaurant of
Regt. 33, Mrs. Ren
one of its members
please see that you
give us the cash.*

Mandan, N. D.—We have had splendid meetings all week, both on the street and in the barracks. Soldiers all on fire for God and souls. One poor backslider came back last night and found pardon. To God be all the glory. Christmas Cry went like hot cakes. All sold out, and we are ready for the New Year's War Cry.—Sergt. Van-Camp, Dillon, Mont., U. S. A.

St. Catharines.—Christmas night we had a service of song which resulted in three men at the pentite form, two claimed the blessing of pardon. The other was

Too Full of Fire Water
to get this at the moment, but after all day Sunday to sober up at the close of Sunday night's meeting he, with another poor backslider, knelt at the feet of Jesus and got put right. The Christmas War Cry was a beauty and went like hot cakes. We sold out (370). The brigade is working alright.—H. Freeman, Capt.

Lisbon.—A visit from Ensign Thomas, our District Officer, was much enjoyed by the Lisbon people last week, and we all say, come again. Five soldiers were enrolled under the Flag, every one of whom pledged themselves to be true. Hallelujah! The string was laid to the Lord's Ensign rendered some sweet music.—J. C. H.

Brandon, Man.—Great week-end. Ensign MacKenzie with us on Saturday with his magic lantern service, entitled "Sowing the wind," which was enjoyed by all. Brigadier Bennett with us on Sunday and the Ensign as well. Meetings very good. Enjoyed the Brigadier's visit very much. On Monday night the Brigadier spoke of "The Young Man with the Swelled Head."

"Was very interesting indeed. Don't be too long, Brigadier, before you come again. Yours for the Cross and Colors.—Trifloria.

Guelph.—God has been answering our prayers lately. Two good meetings on Christmas Day. On Tuesday the meetings were grand. At night Captain spoke on "The Prodigal son," and at the close we rejoiced over ten prodigals returning home, and on Junior. To God we give all glory and are relying on to greater victories.—Jennie Soie.

Ingersoll.—Capt. E. B. Ottaway has been called to leave us, and said farewell to a very large congregation on Sunday night. During her stay among us she has been used by the Master in the salvation of sinners, binding together of saints and soldiers, and will leave behind many friends who praise God for lessons taught by her and through her life and work. The corps is left in a good flourishing condition, both spiritually and financially.

War Cry Always Sold Out.

—generally before Sunday. H. F. and S.-D. far higher than ever before. "We're marching on." Hallelujah! At a recent one pentite sinner came home. We were very happy to hear of lessons and example of loyalty, love and principle received in past few months, influencing our lives for good. As yet we take our stand hand in hand and heart in heart with our new God sent leaders to pull down the devil's kingdom. Yours in help.—M. K. Reg. Cor.

Peterboro.—Last Monday night was a happy time for the Peterboro Salvationists. It was our Self-Denial "Gallop in" meeting, when every one present found out what was raised. Victory is ours. Hallelujah! On Sunday we had the joy of seeing five souls cry to God for help, and among them were children. Praise God forever! Next week I will tell you more of Self-Denial. Yours in Jesus.—E. M. Lang.

Wedding Bells at Kingston.—We had a very interesting time December 22, when Bandman R. Downey and Capt. A. Burett were married. They stood together for God under the good old Army Flag. They are both members of the Band of Love. May Cambridge, one of our first Band of Love members, presented the bride with a basket of white flowers, while Bro. Geo. Grange read a short address to the happy couple from the Band of Love, wishing them long life and prosperity, and "Love" for their motto through life. Then on Monday night, it being our private meeting, we had a nice tea, which we had the pleasure of receiving.

Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp as Band of Love Members.

—B. Thompson.

Lantern Flashes from Newoundland.

I had a very nice time at Bird Island Cove. Although the people are very poor, yet quite a number turned out to the Lantern Service on Wednesday night and seemed to enjoy themselves to a T. After I had showed them 150 views they wanted more. The General's scheme of helping the poor has never been understood so well before around these parts, so the people say.

After spending three days here I started for Bonaville, Kenway, Kenway and Lieut. Higdon made me as welcome as possible. God bless them. Great crowds flocked around here. I don't think I exaggerate when I say that at the young people of Bonaville are distinctly Salvation Army. This being one of my old corps, I need not say that I enjoyed myself.

After spending four days here and holding three Lantern Services, I started with Ensign Kenway and Lieut. Higdon accompanying me, to Catalina, where I took the S. S. Virginia Lake for a day. I have been in the corps as long as to go to, for years, and at last I could realize that my fare was paid for that place. Had two Lantern Services and raised quite a nice sum of money. Part of it went towards their S.-D. fund.

Then off for Westleyville, which is a place

Noted for Lots of Wealth.

and I don't think that it is misrepresented, the people in places are better off than in many places.

After spending a month from St. John's, N. B., to the S. S. Virginia Lake to go back, feeling well in soul, and to wait for another appointment. Yours to fight.—G. P. Thompson.

Quebec's Glorious Victory

Never has such a brilliant testimony been given by the citizens of the Ancient City of Quebec of their faith in, and their love for, the Salvation Army as in a recent Self-Denial effort.

Especially is it so when we take into consideration that practically speaking we only have a population of some five thousand people, upon whom rests the responsibility of supporting some nine churches and missions as well as their necessary charitable institutions.

Our target was fixed at \$32 by our worthy P. O., which at first seemed a little shake with fear lest we failed. But with a great bang the doors flew open and

Down the Aisle Marched Faith,

who had no sooner entered than in rushed "works," and linked his arm with Faith, and to our great delight Fear leaped over the seats and dashed out of the door like a flash of lightning.



Then Faith, with a determined look, started at our target and drew his glittering sword and shouted "It shall be done." No sooner were these words uttered than with a smile Works shouted, "Amen!" And the two with great speed dashed down the aisle, running against and

Knocking Over One Called Doubt,

in so doing Faith with one blow cut off his head.

This was a signal for further excitement in the city and country, for they had agreed to make it warm for the whole neighborhood. So after a little thoughtful advice from the C. O., to stand by the two men no matter where they went, what they done, or how they did it, the meeting was closed and we all retired.

About 10:30 a.m. the next day great excitement prevailed. The news went like wild-fire that these two men were going through the city, calling on many homes on every street, demanding of old and young, rich and poor,

Their Best Gifts for a Glorious Cause.

Even the press published two letters referring to the tremendous outbreak upon the city.

Oh, what shouting! What does it mean? So running down the street we soon found out that Faith had just given the only relative of Doubt a fatal blow, like men of fire they rush into the offices of the wealthy and requesting to see the result we just reached there in time to see a note of \$25 passed over the counter.



Then dashing down the stairs and rushing up the main street leading to the country, some said "They are after the farmers," others said, "They are off to some village," but they went so quick that I almost lost track of them. They had been gone now about one week. Some said they were on wheels when they saw them last and going faster than ever.

So being a little weary after our long chase and extreme excitement we returned to the city some of the things which happened, but they went so quick that when they rushed, enquired for the C. O., and on finding him

Took from Their Purse Four Hundred and Thirty-Five Dollars

The blood was still dripping from the sword, both looked well, only Works was almost out of breath.

Faith had gained 15 lbs., but Works declared that Faith had kept him so busy that he had not time to be weighed.

Thus one of the greatest battles has been fought and the victory won. God bless Quebec. One of the Witnesses.

SONGS.

Tune—Salvation.

Tune—Even me (S. M., 1, 101): Guide me, oh, Thou great Jehovah (S. J., 121). Calcutta (S. J., 22).

Gracious Lord, while here I'm praying;
While I'm pleading at Thy feet,
Come and bless me, and wash me,
In my heart Thy work complete.
By Thy blood, (Repeat)
Make me for Thy service meet.

Oh I'm doubting, oh I'm fearing,
Oh I sink beneath the wave,
Oh I hear Thy gentle whisper,
But to sin I am a slave.
By Thy grace,
Let me prove Thy power to save.

From my soul break every fetter;
Set me free from every snare;
Let me live in full salvation,
That Thy work I may declare.
By Thy power,
I will do, and I will dare.

Lo, it comes, a mighty ocean!
O'er my heart I feel it flow;
Crimson tides without a limit,
Washing me as white as snow.

Teach me only This to know,
H. Kregel, Edmonton.

A Wonderful Friend.

Tune—Dear Jesus is the One I Love.
I've found a Friend, oh, such a
Friend,
He's washed my every sin a-
way!
He gives me constant peace and joy,
He's come within my heart to stay.

Chorus.
Dear Jesus is the One I love!
Oh, bless His name, He died for me,
His blood now cleanses me from sin;
Dear Jesus, now He calls me free.

Though trials and temptations come,
Yet He is ever by my side,
He whispers words of hope and cheer,
My Friend, my Comfort, and my
Guide.

Soon will my blessed Saviour come,
To take me to my home on high,
That home where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow dim the eyes.
L. M., St. John's, Nfld.

The Cleansing Blood.

Tune—Shall we gather at the river.
Boundless Ocean, cleansing River,
Nymph Thy precious waves I go;
Let me prove Thy cleansing pow-
er,
Wash and make me white as snow.

Chorus.
Round us flows the Cleansing River,
etc.

Boundless Ocean, cleansing River,
Freedom waves that cleanse from sin,
I have washed and been made clean.

Boundless Ocean, cleansing River,
Still Thy cleansing waves I flow,
Thou cleanse the vilest stains,
Wash and make them white as snow.
Sergt. May Laug, Peterboro.

A Western Favorite.

Tune—If you love your mother, meet
her in the sky.
In a dismal chamber lay a dying
boy,

4 Though a wretched drunkard,
once his mother's joy;
But, alas, like many he was led astray,
As he whispered gently, this I heard
him:

Chorus.
"Toll my dear old mother not to weep
for me,
I've been wild and wayward, good and
kind was she,
Only let me see her ere I go to rest,
Just one glimpse of mother, is my last
request."

"Often have I grieved her, yes, for
many a year,

Caused her pain and anguish, and
many a bitter tear;
But to-night I'm lonely, sorrow fills
my heart,
For I feel forever from her I must part.

Well I do remember that bright and
happy home,
Where I spent my childhood, far across
the foam,
Now by all forsaken and despoiled am I,
Only a poor drunkard, left alone to
die."

Mark Dean Phelps, Dillon, Mont.

All May Come.

Tune—Come to the Saviour (B. E., S.
S. M., 1, 354).

5 Come to the Saviour, come to the
Saviour,
Ye sin-borne children of men;
He left His throne above to reveal His
wondrous love,
And to open a fountain for sin.

Chorus.

I do believe it! I do believe it!
I'm saved through the blood of the
Lamb!

My happy soul is free, for the Lord has
pardoned me,
Hallelujah to Jesus' name.

Why do you linger? why do you linger?
Oh, when will you haste to be saved?
Your time is flying fast, and your day
will soon be past,
Oh, arise now and come and be saved.

The Sinner's Refuge.

Tune—Jesus lover (B. J., 121, S. M., II,
75).

6 Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
Still the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me,
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my sinfulness head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Pleasant grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing stream abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Free me, O, from sin and guilt,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Trimnings from the Trade

O Ur friend, Auxiliary #748, from
Houston, is up in arms against the
drunk traffic. "His whole heart
seems to be in it. We were pleased to
send him the half-tone engraving 'One
of the thousand who are aban-
doned by strong drink.' May God pro-
tect him in this desperate engagement.

Ensign Wright has worn an overcoat
made by B. A. for ten long years. He
has just placed his order for a new one.

Ensign Adams, from the East, and
Captain Cooke, Worcester, were
me saying some good things, being repeti-
tions of what some of our customers
have told them. It is very kind of you,
my comrades, to open a humble man's
back won't do him any harm.

Xtindy announce to your friends, and
whisper it in the ears of everybody, that
we are open to receive subscriptions to
All the World (monthly) \$1.00 per year;
The Mutual Salvationist (monthly) \$1.00
per year; The Deliverer (monthly) \$1.00
per year.

Officers! Why do you not subscribe
for our magazine? It is a wonderful
thing to see F. O. There are a number
of officers who would not be without it.
The Office is mailed to you monthly at
only \$1.00 per year. A copy of which

has been sent to every corps, is the intent
of our periodical publication, and is pub-
lished for the benefit of the local officers,
such as Sergeants-Majors, Sergeants,
Treasurers, Secretaries, etc. We now
enlist subscriptions and would advise
our comrades holding commissions to
subscribe at once. \$1.00 per year, post
free.

Our Hustlers' Column.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE—22 Hustlers.

Cand. Mrs. Skeddin, Hamilton I. 150
Sergt. Brass, Hamilton I. 110
Bro. Thompson, St. Catharines 77
Capt. Freeman, St. Catharines 60
Lieut. Meeker, Peterboro 50
Sis. Graevette, Gravenhurst 50
Capt. Stollker, Riverside 50
Bro. Linklater, Hamilton II. 50
Uncle George, Hamilton I. 40
Bro. C. A. Hamilton I. 40
Sergt. Emily Howell, Riverside 40
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I. 40
Cadet Howcroft, Gravenhurst 40
Sergt. Wm. Stevens, Riverside 30
Bro. Bramly, Hamilton II. 25
Bro. Small, St. Catharines 27
Sister Hagen, St. Catharines 25
Mary Robinson, Riverside 25
Sis. Daniels, Peterboro 25
Pastor Curry, Hamilton II. 20
Cadet Jackson, Hamilton II. 20
Capt. Burton, Hamilton II. 20
Sergt. Sarah Carwardine, Riverside 20
Ensign Atkinson, Peterboro 20
Bro. Cherry, Hamilton I. 20
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, St. Catharines 20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE—22 Hustlers.

Ensign Stalger, St. Albans, Vt. 124
Ensign Parker, Quebec 124
Ensign Walker, Belleville 125
Lieut. Sleeth, Pembroke 125
War Cry Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt. 50
Lieut. Currie, Belleville 50
Mrs. Stevens, Peterboro 50
Capt. Danks, Burlington, Vt. 50
Capt. French, Peterboro 50
Lieut. Liddell, Burlington, Vt. 50
Donald Munro, Barre, Vt. 50
Mrs. Green, Peterboro 50
Lieut. Dawson, Brighton 50
Capt. Chapple, Brighton 50
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville 50
Bro. Root, Peterboro 50
Hannah Smith, Peterboro 50
Mrs. W. Hudson, Pembroke 50
Bro. D. Herrington, Brighton 50
Mrs. Calk, Barre, Vt. 50
Mrs. Comstock, Peterboro 50
Mrs. Scott, Peterboro 50

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE—12 Hustlers.

Capt. Ottawa, Ingersoll 125
Capt. Stott, Ingersoll 125
Lieut. McInyre, Watford 75
Myrtle Crawford, Clinton 65
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich 65
Mrs. Scott, Guelph 65
Sis. Girdley, Goderich 45
Mrs. Capt. Stott, Guelph 34
Robert Newton, Clinton 27
Millsie Calk, Guelph (av. 2 wks) 27
Nellie Sander, Clinton 20
Lieut. Hodgson, Goderich 20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE—12 Hustlers.

Cadet Woodworth, Winnipeg 203
Capt. Craham, Edmonton (2 wks) 125
Cadet Strong, Winnipeg 125
Ensign Hayes, Calgary 110
Capt. Jackson, Grand Forks 105
Capt. Ledrow, Brandon 75
Mrs. Mrs. Johnson, Bismarck 70
Lieut. Ferguson, Regina 50
Lieut. Anderson, Regina 42
Bro. John. Simpson, Regina (av. 2
wks) 31

EASTERN PROVINCE—9 Hustlers.

Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown, P.
E. I. 375
Lieut. A. Martin, Woodstock, N.B. 105
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I. 105
Ensign Hayes, New Glasgow 105
Capt. Jackson, Grand Forks 105
Capt. Ledrow, Brandon 75
Mrs. Mrs. Johnson, Bismarck 70
Lieut. Ferguson, Regina 50
Lieut. Anderson, Regina 42
Bro. John. Simpson, Regina (av. 2
wks) 31

PACIFIC PROVINCE—6 Hustlers.

Sergt. Van Camp, Dillon, Mont. 145
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Vancouver, B. C. 125
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C. (av. 2
wks) 70
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C. 50
Cadet Ida Galna, Victoria, B. C. 35
Sis. Mortimer, Victoria, B. C. 35

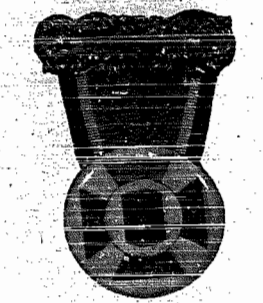
LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST
A word do well to write to Territorial Trust
Company, Ltd., 100, Queen St. W., Toronto.
We can offer most reliable and
securely with interest for 5 or 10 years. Full
particulars can be had from STAFF-CAPTAIN SHERBORN,
C/O. James Albert Service, Toronto.



By MRS. STAFF-CAPT. SHERBORN.

It can now say our new badge
is a reality, so far we have
been thinking forward to it,
but by the time these lines
are printed our local agents
will be in possession of it, and we trust
wearing the new badge. It is in the
style of a medal with a bar across the
top through which is passed a pretty
strip of ribbon. A round pendant upon
which is stamped a yellow bow and
the letters "G. B. M. Agents" gather
the end of the ribbon, the whole form-
ing a striking and appropriate badge
for our Light Brigade workers. When
you see one of the comrades be sure
and give it a cheering word and
smile, for they have many discouragement,
and kind looks and words cost
nothing. Of course you may give them
a coin also for their little box.



A letter to hand from Adj. Hay
tells of the disadvantages of travelling
to some of the towns and cities. "I
got to this place I had to stage it down
a mountain side, received a good shak-
ing up during the ride." Lantern slides
and Graphophone records, as well as
ones upon person, would need special
care during the above journey, we
should judge. The people of the Far
West seem to be so unsettled that the
Local Agents and leaders never know
just how long they may be employed in
a certain town, hence we have consid-
erable difficulty in procuring a reliable
list of Local Agents' names. However,
should any comrade receive a badge
and authority card who has consented
to set in this capacity please return it to
the Temple, Toronto.

Our genial friend and comrade, En-
sign Andrews, brought his smiling face
into our office the other day. "I re-
turned from Newfoundland," he in-
formed us, and the rest has done him
much good. We are sorry to lose our
comrade from the Light Brigade, but
our loss will be the Field gain. The
Ensign purposes taking a corps. God
bless him! We have his promise to
push the G. B. M. wherever he goes,
so are expecting great things from B—

Wellcome, Capt. Collier, to this band
of God's helpers. We are glad to ex-
tend to you our very best wishes for
your success and trust you may find
your new work a real inspiration and
joy to your soul. Comrades of the W.
are especially great joy, and promise
with the New Year to aid in your every
effort. The new Lantern Service, "The
Torch Bible" will be coming to your
corps, and will bless and encourage you,
I know.

Capt. Cummins has started on his
lengthy (four) after three weeks of hard
work in Toronto. The Agents are
nicely at work now and with a deter-
mined will be the Field gain. The
things than have ever been done. With
sixteen Agents for the city something
should be done.

Ensign Mackenzie, of the North West
Province is happy. "You have sent me
just what I wanted." "Sowing the
Word," he writes, and those who see
this service will be delighted with it.
God bless and save the backsliders who
listen.

Ensign Perry and "Little Jimmie" will
do well in the East. "Orange Barriet"
has been a real glimpse into Yorkshire
life for the Eastern friends. We trust
"Jimmie" will be a good success.

WHERE TO INVEST.

ADVT. ETHEL GALT.

A GENTLEMAN said to me not long ago, "I don't understand how you people will come out night after night, month in and month out, to your protests and petitions. I think you would get tired, especially during these summer months."

His words clung to me strangely. I have thought of them again and again. After what to the solution of the problem? What really is it that constrains our dear soldiers to turn out at night, or shine, or to be at their posts in the winter and frost, and in the summer, and in the warm evenings of July and August, after perhaps having spent their day in a broiling foundry, or been amidst the whirl of machinery in a factory for ten or eleven long hours previous? Then I thought, when the heart and the affections are consoled up and the drying world around us is

it is no more warm duty, but love that constrains.

and then the sacrifice would consist in the investment of the peace of mind where our treasure is there will our hearts be also.

My mind wandered to the business man, the rights of the people, and the seeming to make his hundreds grow in thousands, the hours of thought and mental strain trying to make up his mind as to which investment will bring in the largest returns. Everything must be made to bend to his business.

When health is gone, everything worth living for is gone. A large bank account will bring but little comfort to any soul. Solomon says: "There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among many riches: a man that hath GIVEN RICHES, WEALTH AND HONOR, SO THAT HE WANTED NOTHING FOR HIS SOUL OF ALL THAT HE HAD, AND GOD GIVETH HIM NOT POWER TO EAT THEREOF."

Then I thought of the politician, the trouble and personal sacrifice gone to to attain his object, and when attained what real lasting benefit or satisfaction does it bring? Is there any more joy in it as true to life as ever they were.

How can ye believe which receive the name of Jesus, and seek to be the manner that cometh from God Only?"

Everything worth having (and a good many things not worth having) entail a great deal of self-sacrifice of a certain kind to obtain. The physician must be at everybody's beck and call if he is to build up a practice. The lawyer must spend hours of thought in the interest of his client if he hopes to win his case for him. Nobody expects a recognition of dubbing the professional or the business man with the title of martyr, and yet what innumerable sacrifices are laid upon the shrine of their profession or business as the case may be.

Now look at the Salvationist. What does she gain by tramping the streets in all kinds of weather, or by being in his accustomed place in the open-air ring night after night, singing the praises of a crucified Saviour? Some would answer, "Nothing—except the unenviable reputation of making fools of themselves." I would reply, "Much—in every way."

See that poor drunkard, a disgrace to himself and society, and a terror to his wife and helpless little ones, as he

struggles up to one of our Open-Air Meetings—

the simple song, and more simple testimony he hears goes home to his darkened heart and works a revolution there. The drink is cast aside, the drunkard becomes a sober, clean, and God-fearing, and a loving father. In that broken-hearted outcast, as she stands and drinks in the story of the Cross and hears that Jesus has not despised, but loves her. Is it not worth the toll of weeks and months to lead her to His feet? "But," argues someone, "They don't stand. Salvation Army converts are made of sterner stuff." Now, this is not true. Some DO backslide, and considering their surroundings and environments it is not much to be wondered at. But, for the most part, the secret of praying without ceasing; but a large number do NOT backslide, and I assert that if only one soul is led out of bondage and darkness into liberty, light and joy that this one is really WORTHY years of labor, and that you receive a larger and greater return for that labor than if you

Gained Thousands in Money or Made a Name for Yourself

In the realms of society, business or anything else.

One cannot—at least under the existing condition of things—go on without statement, doctors, lawyers and

"HOT SCOTCH."

A Tale of Two Continents.

By WILLIAM H. COX, Editor-in-Chief S. A. Publications, New York City.

"Study men, not books."—Henry Clay

INTRODUCTORY.

The STUDY of humanity is always interesting; more than that, it is broadly so. The human heart has been washed white in Calvary's stream and whose lives are consecrated to him, are consecrated to him. America, as a lost soul, affords facilities to those who possess the faculty to study human life in its various conditions. A journey of any considerable distance in a road car or steamboat is a veritable encyclopedia to the close observer, such is the variety of disposition, of demeanor, of thought and of habit, rampant upon the more or less mixed blood of a score of nations and double that number of principles, met with under these conditions. This is a fact patent to all. As before stated, as a study it is in itself surpassingly interesting; but it is much more than this to a man or woman whose duty, like that of the Salvationist, it is to seek to bring the children of all climes and tongues into cleansing contact with Calvary's current; to them it is an educational opportunity which must be utilized for the glory of God's Kingdom.

As a reflex influence of cosmopolitan Americanism the composite character of an average Salvation Army meeting is remarkable. Here it may be seen at its best in the shape of a corps of spiritual men and women soldiers; and also at its worst, for one of the facts that we glory in is that no individual, however steeped in hardness of heart and life, and however much he or she may be regarded as an unconscious upon the body politic, is too much of a problem for the power of God to successfully solve. Those who compose

The Undercurrent of Society

know this; and although denormalizing his life force, the time immemorial, upon their moral character and power of intelligence, very few of them (at least this is the writer's experience) have completely lost the ability to detect the subtle influence of real sympathy, and recognizing it, to appreciate it to its utmost. That is the reason there is generally a large sprinkling of them in Salvation Army audiences; that is likewise the reason (for which we render glory to God) that so many of this class are won to the profession and service of the Lamb of Calvary.

The chief character of this story is a marvel of the transforming influence of love's power. Picked out as a sample of the work being accomplished at one of our most cosmopolitan corps, we present him to our readers—as he was, in spiritual darkness, moral depravity and abject degeneracy; and as he is to-day—clean in heart and life and a worthy member of the community in which he lives. All glory be to God!

CHAPTER I.

RELIGION IN PLENTY.

THERE were three—the Wallace children, or rather bairns, for they were Scotch—real Glasgow Scotch. There was William, our subject, a brother, and sister. The parents were religious—very religious; there was no room for doubt on that question. There was every reason why they should be so, and absolutely none why they should not. Had not masculine members of the Wallace family for time immemorial held office in one capacity and another in the kirk, and were they not known more or less as pillars of the Scotch establishment? True, the fortunes of the Wallace had much waned of recent years, and they could not now afford to keep up appearances as of yore; they were no longer staid and sober in the kirk, or sought after socially, but that must not be allowed to interfere with church duties, which consisted almost entirely in the Westminster Confession

Memorial of the Westminster Confession wrestling with the theological problems

chanices, and bless God for the number who love Him and put His Kingdom first, but still the fact remains that though all work can and should be spiritual, yet the mind directly applied to it is the more JOY is attached to it. It is wisest to invest your capital, though it may not be a large one, of brains, health, time, and whatever else we may have in God's service. The interest paid down here is higher than we can get investing them

of the Shorter Catechism and a rigid adherence upon the Sabbath services. Then the parish kirk was conventionally near-inconveniently near it sometimes seemed to them; for it was occasionally a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to Wallace senior, particularly after having attended a christening, wedding or burial celebration, when it was the time honored custom to imbibe liberal quantities of the potent decoction known in the poetic language as "mountain dew," but in the more prosaic South as common "whisky." On these occasions, and, to tell the truth, on others, when he would have been at his wife's elbow to have found a reply if questioned as to what particular event he was celebrating, when returning—or, rather, being assisted—homeward, far in the depths of the night, it was a fact he had to face that, contrary to all known natural laws, that particular kirk had a nasty, unkind habit of dupliating itself on every street corner which he passed, bestowing upon him the most

Ghostly, Demagogic Frowns;

and he even had known the time when the large, gilded cross which crowned the age-blackened spire had descended to terra firma and, blazing out with strange luminance, had walked solemnly in front of him for several squares. All this was very annoying, particularly to a person of Wallace's understanding, in whose mind the question of the rightness or wrongness—the consistency or otherwise—of the Scotch Kirk had long ago been settled beyond peradventure; of course in the positive. He would go so far as to say he never had a word to say to the Scotch Kirk, but the names of scores of Scotch heroes and as many more of his own more illustrious ancestors, who had served the King and Church and country with a drunk when opportunity afforded as any noble in the land. It was the recognized custom, however, by long usage, and if the meekness himself took a wee drappling once in a while, And yet that kirk!

And oh, that Awful Cross!

This was the kind of spiritual atmosphere little William Wallace was reared in. It continued the same year after year without interruption, until one day an unexpected break came. The father, who had been working as a baker and the shipping craft of the port, suddenly found himself without employment. Without loss of time for there was no bank account to draw from, and some children have as good an appetite for bread as when their father is out of work. Wallace set out to seek work at Aldridge, some distance away.

For some reasons he failed to correspond with his wife, who, after spending her last bawbee upon a morsel of meat for breakfast for herself and little ones, found herself out of time for there was no consideration treatment of an unsympathetic landlord, who seized the household chattels for back rent.

Kneelers, Breadless.

and practically husbandless, a wanderer upon the streets of a great city. The possibility of such a contingency had never dawned upon the mind of the poor woman, and when she found herself in such a position she stood with brain dead and limbs almost paralyzed, wondering what was best to be done, and lifting her eyes to Heaven in mute appeal. Finally, still half-stupified, and without resources of any sort, she made her way, with her little brood clinging wonderingly to her skirts, to Glasgow Green, a large open space on the suburbs of the city.

With a prayer to God for His protection, she left the children, after putting them to sleep, and in due season, the next morning by a policeman stumbling in a bunch like a lot of kittens.

(To be continued).

In self, the world, the devil, or anything else, and our treasure will be continually accumulating above, "where moth nor rust doth not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

MIRACLES ARE ONLY THE RESULTS OF THE HIGHER LAWS OF OUR LORD'S PRESENCE-CHAMBER.

"HOW TO SUCCESSFULLY SELL THE "WAR CRY?"

Answered by Cadets of the Lippincott Training Garrison.

First, before starting out earnestly ask the Lord to guide, and make us a blessing. Then, knowing it is His will, go business like about it, making the people feel we are thoroughly interested in our work. Don't be trifling or giddy, but sociable and pleasant, yet firm; not to be discouraged when they say "No," but lift our hearts in prayer to God to help us. I have often proved this to be a great help in selling the Cry, and a great blessing to my own soul—Jesse McLean.

My idea of how to sell War Cry successfully is to first to know what is contained in it, and know that we are doing it for a good cause, and realizing



CADET ADA LIDDAARD.

that it is going to help and bless others, and ask God to help me to do it in the spirit.—Ada Liddard.

Pray before you start out to sell. Don't that you are selling them for God. Feel that you are doing it for God. Try and make the people feel that they are getting the worth of their money. Know



CADET SARAH DAWSON.

what is in the Cry for yourself. If the War Cry has a good frontage show it. If there is a photo or more in it, don't fail to tell them all the good things you can about the persons. Try, and don't take no for an answer.—Cadet Sarah Dawson, Lippincott St.

Some time ago a man who had been a big sinner got up and told the story of his sins in public, but he told it in such a way that after he was through the people said "We thought he had a little sense, but now we know that he never did have any." There is a right and a wrong way for a man to tell about his past experience. An evidence of the above is furnished by a little incident which occurred at the Temple a week or two ago, when a man who had been a slave to his sins went to Ensign Kenning to tell him of his guilt. He gave as a reason for telling the Ensign that "he had always felt he wanted to tell him of his trouble ever since he heard the Ensign tell the story of his life at the Temple some months ago."

Look!! Look!! Look!!

THE GENERAL'S CAMPAIGNS.



Eastern Campaign.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—Tuesday, January 18th, at the Centenary Church. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor in the Chair.

Wednesday and Thursday, January 19th and 20th, at the Institute.

HALIFAX, N.S.—Friday, January 21st, at the Academy of Music. J. O. Macintosh, Esq., in the Chair.

Saturday, January 22nd, at the Barracks, for Salvation Army Soldiers only.

Sunday, Jan. 23rd, day of Salvation at the Academy of Music.

MONTREAL—Tuesday and Wednesday, January 24th and 25th, to be followed by Meetings at **OTTAWA, KINGSTON, PETERBORO, HAMILTON, LONDON** and **TORONTO**.

Western Campaign.

VICTORIA, B.C., VANCOUVER, B.C., SPOKANE, Washington, and WINNIPEG. Fuller particulars later.

(Young Children and Infants in Arms Cannot be Admitted.)

